



Hear Straight Arrow Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!



anc

STRAIGHT ARROW

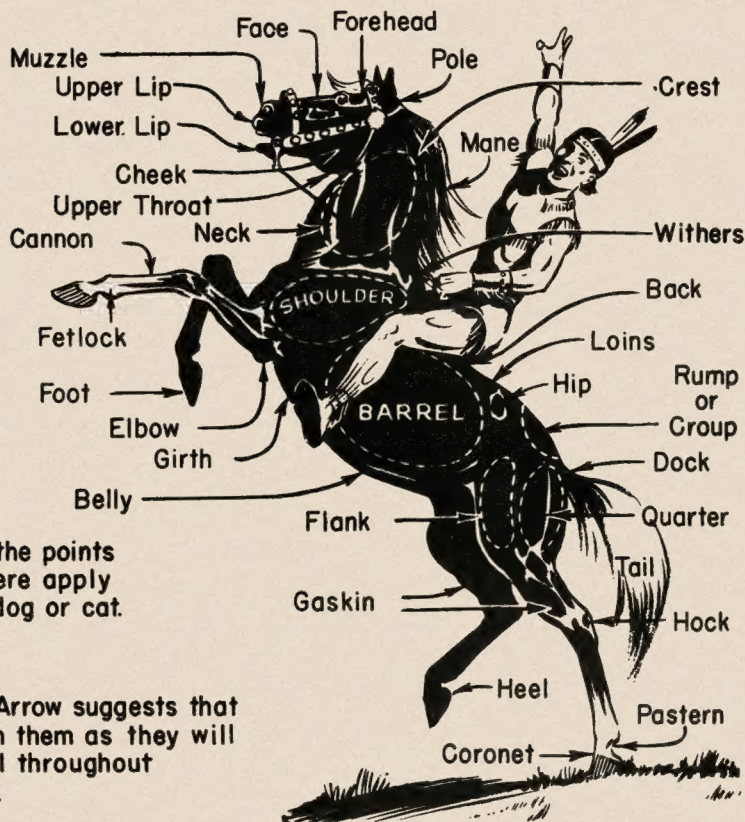
No. 3

10¢



STRAIGHT ARROW

POINTS OF A HORSE Cattle, Sheep, Deer, or any other grazing animal.



NOTICEABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF INDIANS HORSES



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STRAIGHT ARROW

THE SAPIING JAWS AND FEARSOME CLAWS OF A GIGANTIC GRIZZLY WROUGHT HAVOC IN THE LOS METALES MINING CAMPS! THEN, WHEN STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY FOUND THEMSELVES FACING A CHARGE OF MURDER AND ROBBERY, THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF STRAIGHT ARROW TOOK THE TRAIL—ON THE STRANGE CASE OF.....

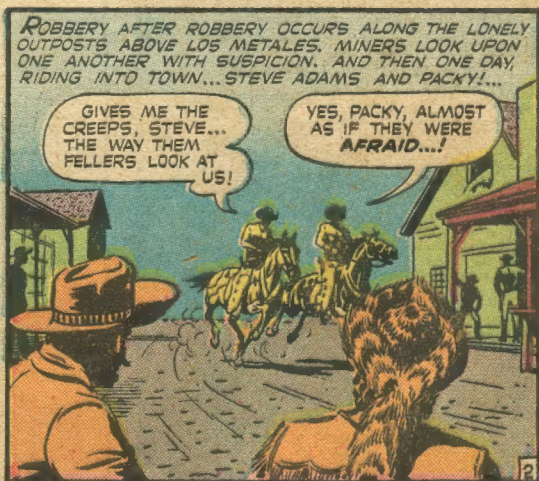
THE KILLER BEAR I!

NOT FAR FROM THE DRY DIGGINGS ON THE FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER IN CALIFORNIA, MINER HOMER BURKE SCREAMED IN PANIC AS HE STUMBLED ACROSS A CAVE...





AS THE YEARS PASS, HOMER BURKE BECOMES MORE BEE AND BITTER. SULLENLY HE STARES INTO HIS CAMPFIRES, BROODING...





HE'S RIGHT! HMMM...
MEBBE I'D BETTER FIND
SOMEBODY FOR THE BOYS
TO LYNCH... AN' WHO'D BE
BETTER THAN TWO STRANGERS
LIKE **THEM?**



THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE AND
PACKY EAT AT A CORNER
RESTAURANT, LEAVING THEIR
ROOM EMPTY...

I'VE SALTED AWAY PLENTY OF
THE GOLD I STOLE. RECKON I
CAN SPARE SOME TO CONVINCE
TH' OTHER MINERS THET THESE
TWO ARE THE KILLERS! LET
'EM HANG! THEN NO
BODY WILL EVER
SUSPECT ME!



NOW I'M NOT ACCUSIN' THOSE
GENTS, MIND. I'M JEST SAYIN'
SOME OF THE BOYS OUGHT
TO TAKE A LOOK AT THEIR
BELONGIN'S! MEBBE THEY
AINT THE KILLERS.

THEN MEBBE
THEY ARE!

I ALWAYS
THOUGHT IT
WAS A
BEAR!



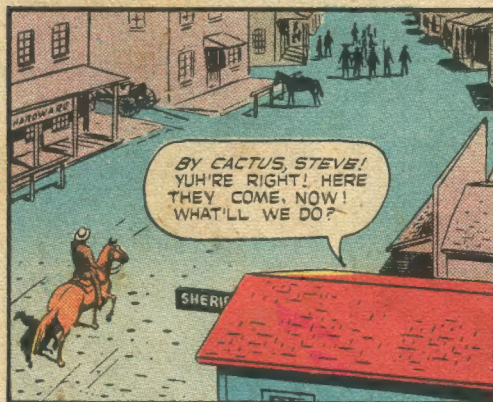
A BEAR!
WHAT'S A
BEAR
WANT
WITH
GOLD?

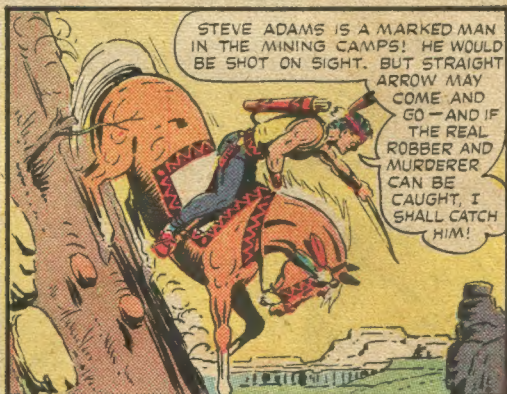
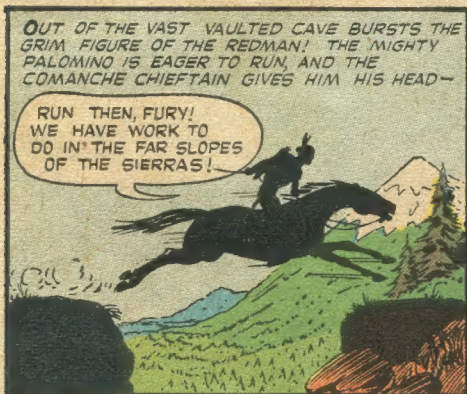
SAY, THAT'S RIGHT! DOGGONE!
WE ALLUS SEE BEAR TRACKS
'ROUND THE CAMPS OF THE
BOYS THAT WAS ATTACKED.
MEBBE THOSE TWO
FELLERS FASTENED BEAR-
PAWS ON THEIR FEET! LET'S
GO!



MINUTES LATER, AS STEVE AND PACKY STRUGGLE UP
OUT OF A DEEP SLEEP...







HONEY WILL BRING ANY BEAR!
BY SETTING HONEY POTS HERE
AND THERE—SOONER OR LATER
THE GRIZZLY KILLER WILL
COME TO INVESTIGATE
THEM...



DAY AFTER DAY, WITH THE
PATIENCE OF THE INDIAN,
STRAIGHT ARROW MAKES
HIS ROUNDS...

HA! WE HAVE A NIBBLE,
FURY! WE SHALL RE-SET
THIS TRAP AND WAIT!



UNAWARE THAT BLACK, BEADY
EYES ARE FASTENED HUNGRILY
UPON HIM, STRAIGHT ARROW
AGAIN FILLS THE POT WITH
HONEY...



GGRRRRR
WITH A ROAR THAT SHAKES THE VERY
GROUND, THE KILLER BEAR
HURTLER FORWARD!



EASY, BIG
HORSE!

WHEEEE!



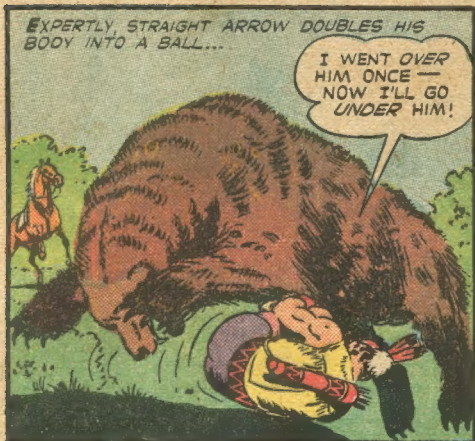
WE MEET BEAR-
THAT-KILLS-LIKE-
A-MAN!



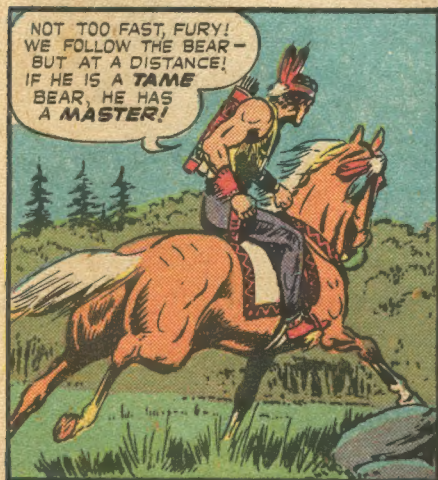
AS HE LANDS, CATLIKE, STRAIGHT
ARROW'S FOOT SLIDES UNDER
A LOOPING TREE ROOT.
HE STUMBLES... FALLS!
THE GIGANTIC GRIZZLY
WHIRLS AND THUNDERS
DOWN UPON HIM!

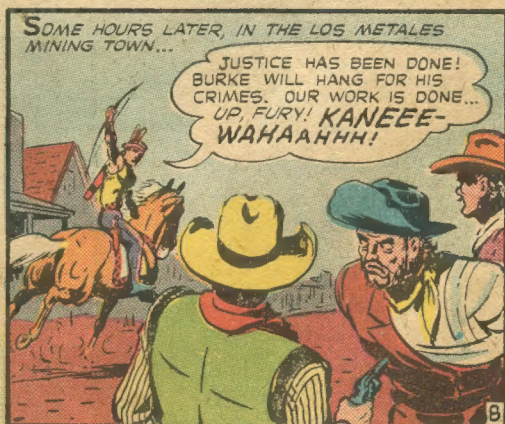
UUUPH!
MY FOOT
CAUGHT!





THE KEEN HUNTING KNIFE OF THE MIGHTY REDMAN SINKS IN THE SHAGGY HIDE OF THE MIGHTY GRIZZLY! A ROAR OF MADNESS BURSTS FROM THE GREAT THROAT—





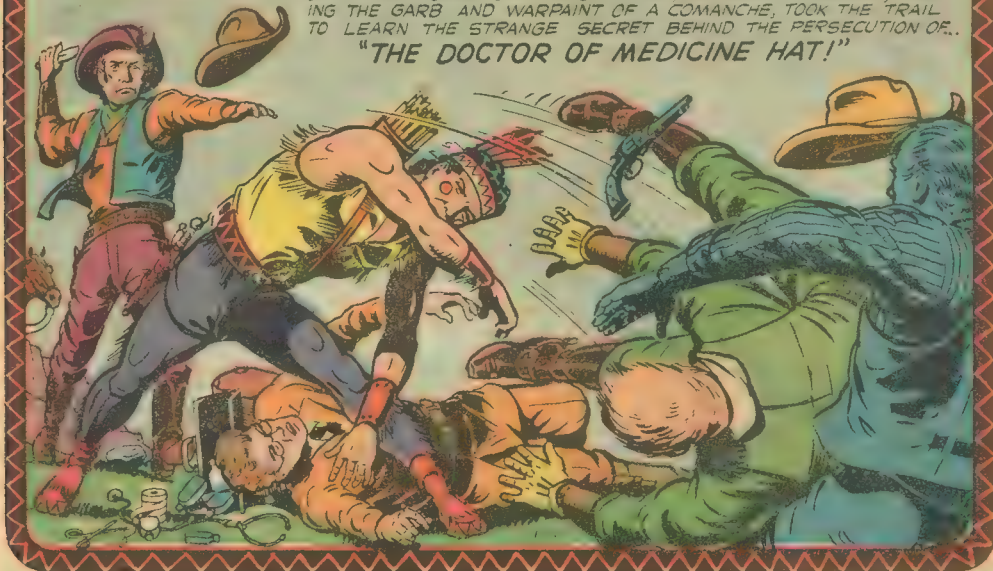


STRAIGHT-ARROW

STANDING HEAD AND SHOULDERS OVER THE RANCHER AND THE MINER, THE BARKEEP AND THE STAGECOACH DRIVER OF THE OLD WEST, WAS THE DOCTOR. HE WALKED WITH ALL, BUT HE STOOD APART. HE BROUGHT LIFE INTO THE WORLD, AND HE KEPT IT HERE WITH LONG NIGHT VIGILS, BY FEVER-HOT BEDSIDES. THE TOWN THAT HAD A DOCTOR WAS LUCKY!

THUS, IT WAS SO STRANGE WHEN THE MEN OF MEDICINE HAT CARRIED A WAR OF FURY AGAINST YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL SULLIVAN — UNTIL THE FIGURE OF A MYSTERIOUS, STALWART REDMAN, WEARING THE GARB AND WARPAINT OF A COMANCHE, TOOK THE TRAIL TO LEARN THE STRANGE SECRET BEHIND THE PERSECUTION OF...

"THE DOCTOR OF MEDICINE HAT!"



AS YOUNG DOCTOR SULLIVAN RIDES HOMEWARD FROM A MERCY MISSION, A SIXGUN FLAMES! STARTLED, THE DOCTOR PUSHES HIS HORSE INTO A FAST GALLUP.

WHAT...? NOBODY WOULD BE SHOOTING AT ME... STILL — I'M NOT GOING TO STAY AROUND AND MAKE SURE!



THERE HE GOES. BOYS! AFTER HIM!

DON'T SHOOT NO MORE! WE MIGHT HIT HIM! ...GIDDAP, BRONC!



STRUGGLING YOUNG DOCTORS DO NOT OWN FAST HORSES...SWIFTLY THE GUN SLICKS OVERTAKE THE STARTLED MEDICINE MAN...

GIVE UP, DOC!
WE WANT
TO PALAVER!

I CAN
PISTOL-WHIP
YUH IF YUH
DON'T!



AT THAT MOMENT, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, STEVE ADAMS, OWNER OF THE BROKEN BOW RANCH, AND HIS SIDEKICK, PACKY, THUNDER DOWN FROM THE UPPER SLOPES OF THE SAW TOOTH MOUNTAINS...

GUNSHOTS, PACKY!
HIGHTAIL IT! SOME-
BODY MIGHT BE IN
TROUBLE!

KEND,
STEVE!



HIS BRONC STEPPED
IN A GOPHER HOLE!
WE GOT HIM, MEN!

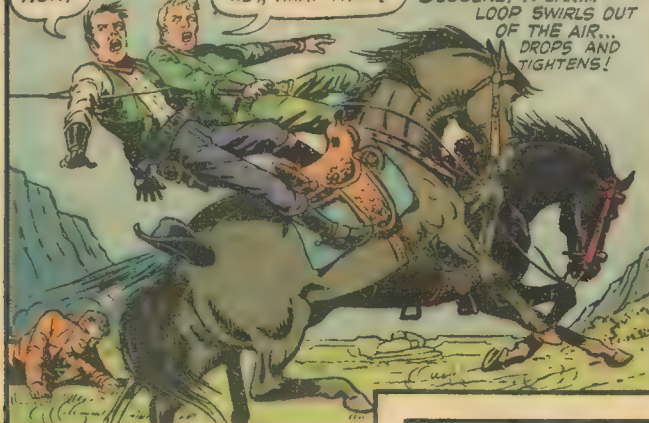
OH-H-H-H!



HUH!

HEY, WHAT TH--?

SUDDENLY A LARIAT
LOOP SWIRLS OUT
OF THE AIR...
DROPS AND
TIGHTENS!



NOW, GENTS...WHAT'S
THIS ALL ABOUT? IF
YOU'VE HURT YOUNG
DOC SULLIVAN...

WE AIN'T HURT
HIM. BUT WE
SURE OUGHT
TO! HE JUST
MURDERED A
MAN!



WE DROPPED IN ON OLD JIM
PHELPS AT HIS LOST NUGGETS
MINE CABIN. FOUND HIM
SHOT CLEAN THROUGH! HE
TOLD US 'FORE HE PASSED
ON-- THE DOC HERE
SHOT HIM!

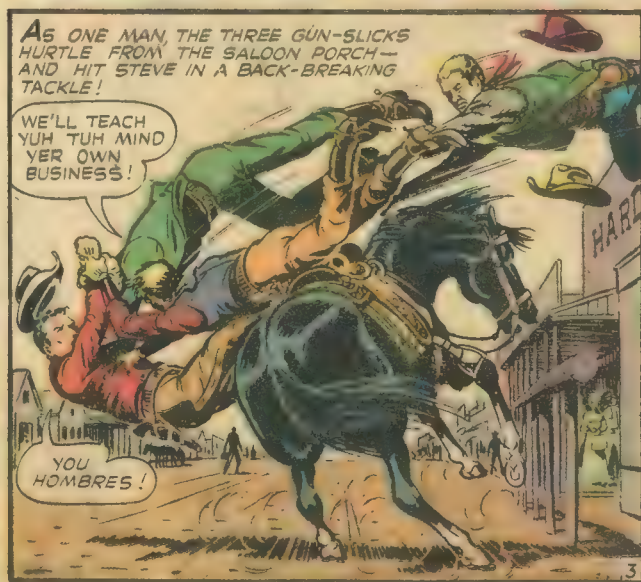
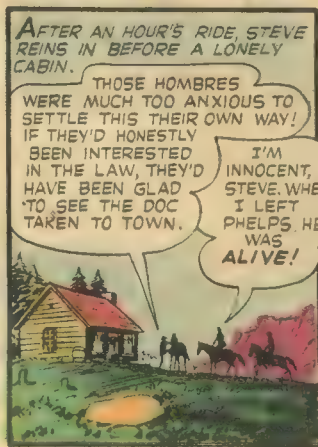
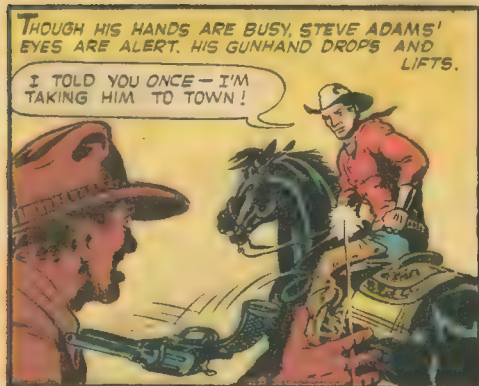
THAT'S
A LIE! I
TREATED
HIM AS A
PATIENT!



THERE'LL BE NO LYNCHING, BOYS!
I'LL TAKE THE DOCTOR TO TOWN!
IF HE'S GUILTY IN A LAW COURT,
HE'LL PAY FOR
HIS CRIME!

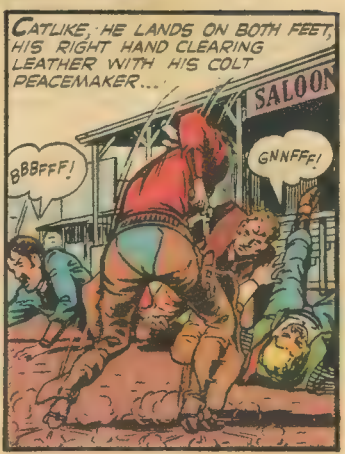
NOW'S MY CHANCE
TO SALIVATE HIM
--WHILE HE'S
COILIN' THE
ROPE!







STEVE MOVES HIS POWERFUL BODY IN A TWISTING, TURNING SOMERSAULT! HE RIPS FREE OF THE HANDS THAT HOLD HIM—



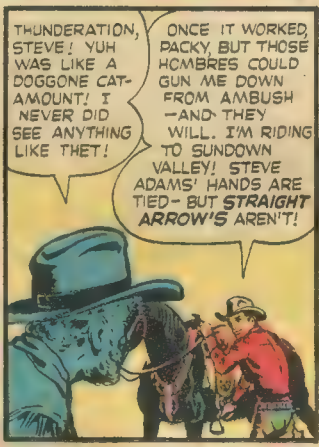
CATLIKE, HE LANDS ON BOTH FEET, HIS RIGHT HAND CLEARING LEATHER WITH HIS COLT PEACEMAKER...



THAT WAS JUST A SAMPLE, HOMBRES! THE NEXT TIME I'LL GO FOR MY GUN—ON SIGHT!

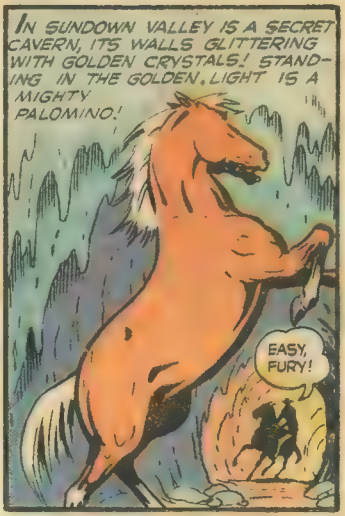
RECKON WE DONE HAD ENOUGH!

WE QUIT!

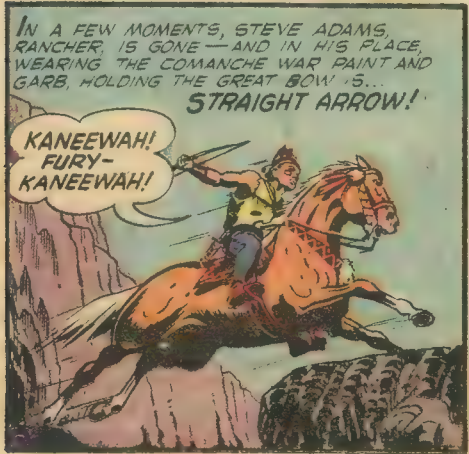


THUNDERATION, STEVE! YUH WAS LIKE A DOGGONE CAT-AMOUNT! I NEVER DID SEE ANYTHING LIKE THET!

ONCE IT WORKED, PAKKY, BUT THOSE HOMBRES COULD GUN ME DOWN FROM AMBUSH—AND THEY WILL. I'M RIDING TO SUNDOWN VALLEY! STEVE ADAMS' HANDS ARE TIED—BUT STRAIGHT ARROW'S AREN'T!



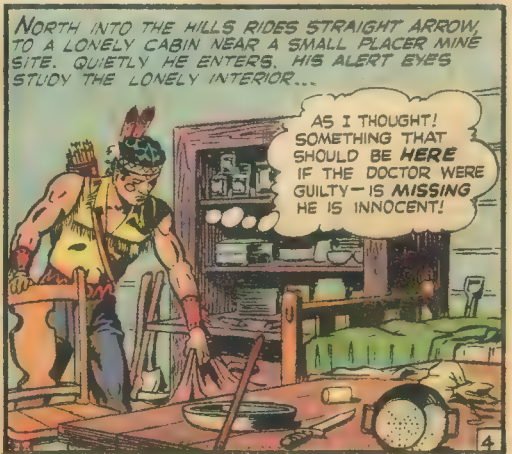
IN SUNDOWN VALLEY IS A SECRET CAVERN, ITS WALLS GLITTERING WITH GOLDEN CRYSTALS! STANDING IN THE GOLDEN LIGHT IS A MIGHTY PALOMINO!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, IS GONE—AND IN HIS PLACE, WEARING THE COMANCHE WAR PAINT AND GARB, HOLDING THE GREAT BOW IS...

STRAIGHT ARROW!

KANEWAH! FURY—KANEWAH!



NORTH INTO THE HILLS RIDES STRAIGHT ARROW, TO A LONELY CABIN NEAR A SMALL PLACER MINE SITE. QUIETLY HE ENTERS, HIS ALERT EYES STUDY THE LONELY INTERIOR...

AS I THOUGHT! SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE HERE IF THE DOCTOR WERE GUILTY—IS MISSING HE IS INNOCENT!

WITH INDIAN WISDOM THAT CAN READ A STORY IN A CRUSHED PLANT AND A BROKEN TWIG, THE GREAT COMANCHE WARRIOR TROTS SWIFTLY AWAY FROM THE CABIN...

THOSE MEN SAID THE DOCTOR'S BULLET WENT **CLEAN THROUGH** PHELPS. IF THAT WERE TRUE--THE BULLET, OR THE MARK WHERE IT LANDED--WOULD BE IN THE CABIN.

IT WAS NOT, PERHAPS, IF I BACKTRACK THOSE MEN, I WILL LEARN THE TRUTH! ANOTHER THING--WHERE IS PHELPS'S BODY?

AH! HERE THREE MEN MET ANOTHER. THERE WAS A SHOOTING--THERE IS BLOOD! AND YET--THERE IS NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE! NO MARK THAT SHOWS WHERE THE BODY FELL. AND THAT IS STRANGE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LITTLE BROKEN BOW LINE CABIN, YOUNG DOCTOR SULLIVAN FRET'S AND FUMES...

I CAN'T HIDE HERE FOREVER! I OUGHT TO BE OUT AND ABOUT MY BUSINESS. I HAVE SICK PATIENTS TO VISIT, TO CARE FOR!

I WON'T WAIT! I'LL RIDE MY ROUNDS. IF THOSE MEN FIND ME--WELL, I'M INNOCENT!

PATROLLING THE HILLS IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE YOUNG DOCTOR, THE THREE HARDCASES REIN IN ABRUPTLY...

HOLD UP, BOYS! LOOK THERE!

IT'S THE DOC, ALL RIGHT! LET'S RIDE! MAYBE WE'LL LEARN NOW WHAT WE WANT FROM HIM!

MEANWHILE MOVING DOWN FROM THE TIMBERED HILLS INTO THE VALLEY LANDS, STRAIGHT ARROW PUSHES THE GREAT PALOMINO TO FULL GALLOP!

WITH MY PROOF OF DOCTOR SULLIVAN'S INNOCENCE PERHAPS I'LL BE ABLE TO--? A GIRL--HURT OR SICK!...

IT IS MARY HASKELL, THE DAUGHTER OF THAT SMALL RANCHER DOWN BY THE BREAKS. SHE'S FEVERISH! ...HER HOME IS NOT FAR AWAY. I'LL TAKE HER THERE, THEN RIDE FOR DOCTOR SULLIVAN. FORTUNATELY, HE'S STILL IN THE LINE CABIN!

SOMEWHAT LATER, AT THE HASKELL RANCHHOUSE...

I CAN'T THANK YUH ENOUGH, REDSKIN! MARY'S BEEN PLUMB SICK LATELY!

I'LL BRING THE DOCTOR AT ONCE!



UPON ARRIVING AT THE LITTLE LINE CABIN, THE COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN FINDS IT EMPTY... THE DOCTOR, GONE.

DOCTOR! DOCTOR! WHERE ARE YOU? A GIRL'S LIFE DEPENDS ON...



COME, FURY! HE HAS GONE! WE MUST TRAIL HIM—SWIFTLY! WE ARE MAKING A RACE AGAINST DEATH!



LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION FLASHES DOWN THE ROLLING RIDGES, PAST A FLOWING CREEK, ALONG A FLAT STRETCH OF SAGELAND. AND ALWAYS THE KEEN EYES OF STRAIGHT ARROW STUDY THE FAINT TRAIL OF HOOFPRIENTS...

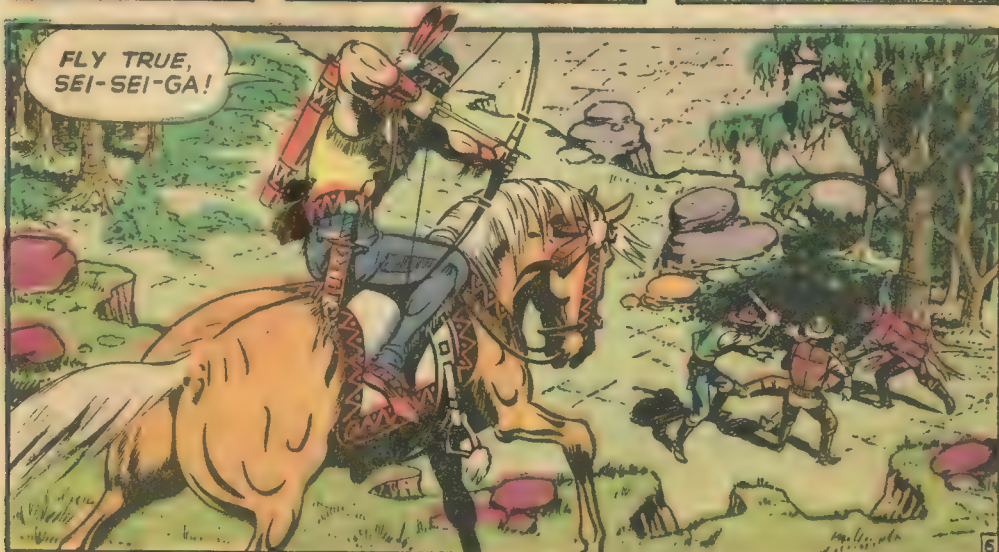


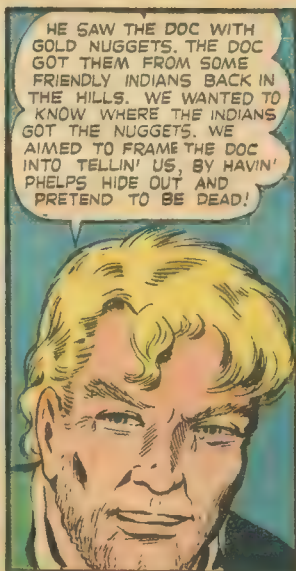
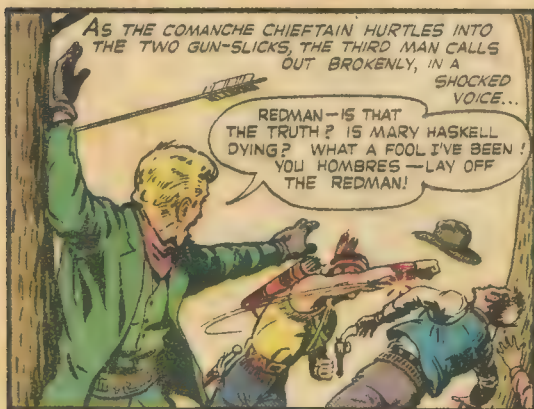
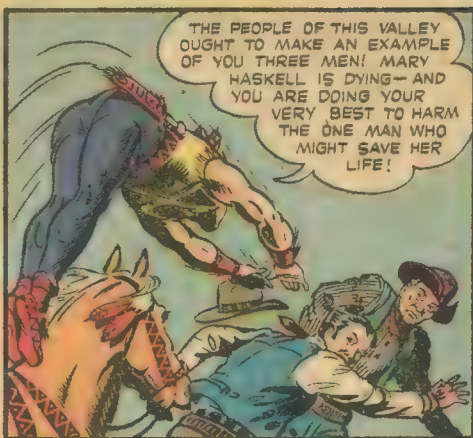
HE CANNOT BE FAR AHEAD. HIS TRAIL IS VERY FRESH!

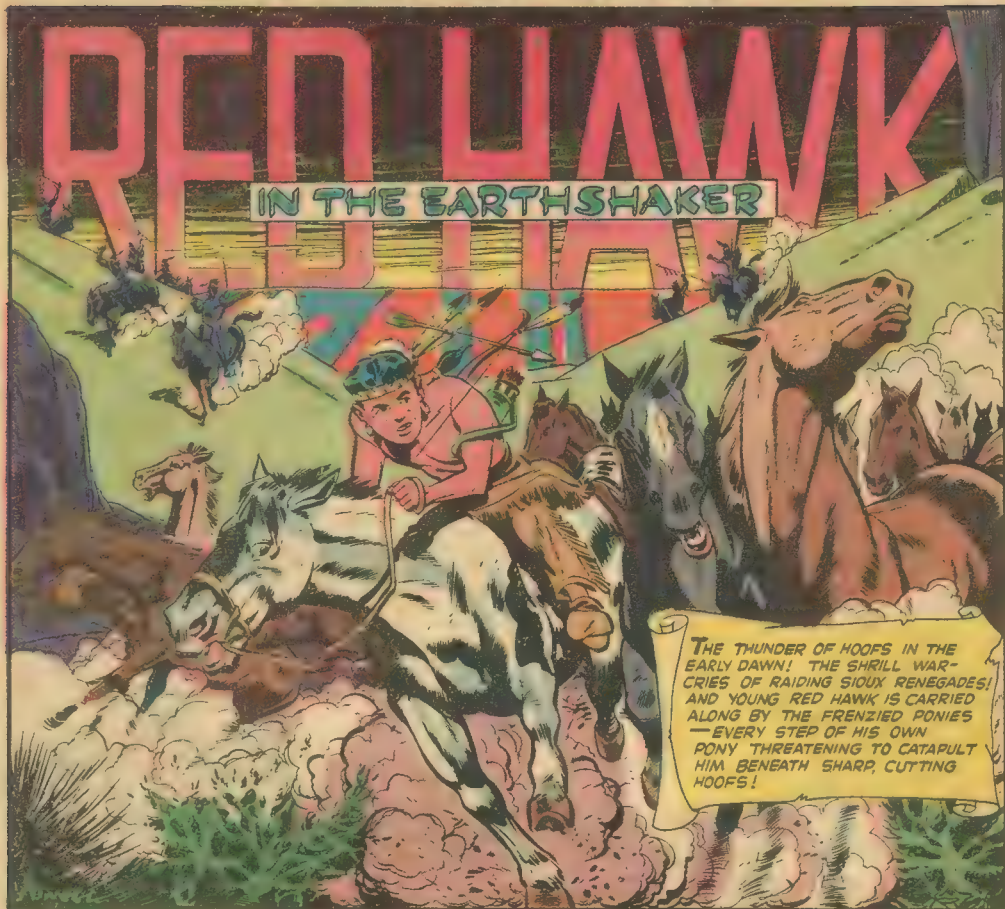
OH-OH—THOSE THREE AGAIN! I'M TOO FAR TO STOP THE DOCTOR FROM BEING HIT—UNLESS...



FLY TRUE, SEI-SEI-GA!







THE THUNDER OF HOOFS IN THE EARLY DAWN! THE SHRILL WAR-CRIES OF RAIDING SIOUX RENEGADES! AND YOUNG RED HAWK IS CARRIED ALONG BY THE FRENZIED PONIES — EVERY STEP OF HIS OWN PONY THREATENING TO CATAPULT HIM BENEATH SHARP, CUTTING HOOFS!

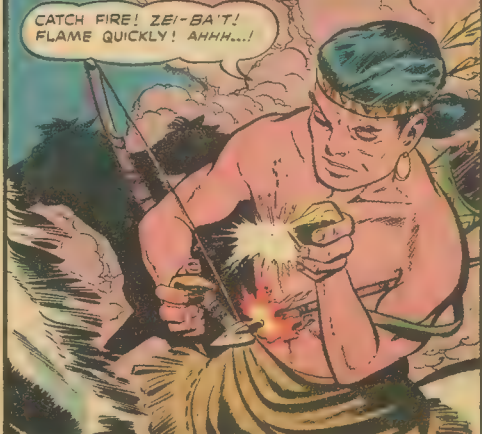
AS THE SIOUX WARWHOOPE RINGS IN HIS EARS, YOUNG RED HAWK GRABS FOR HIS POWERFUL ASH BOW...

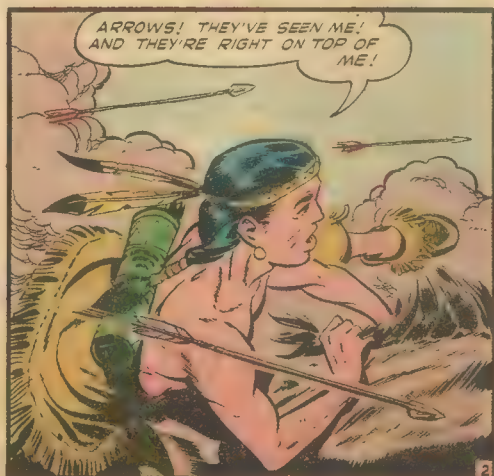
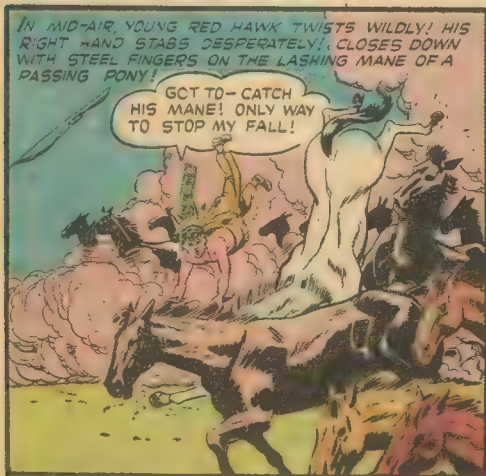
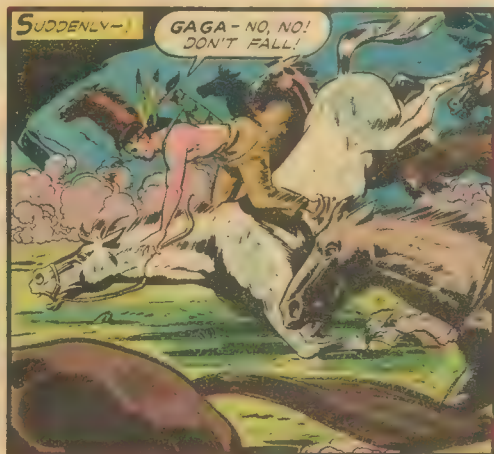
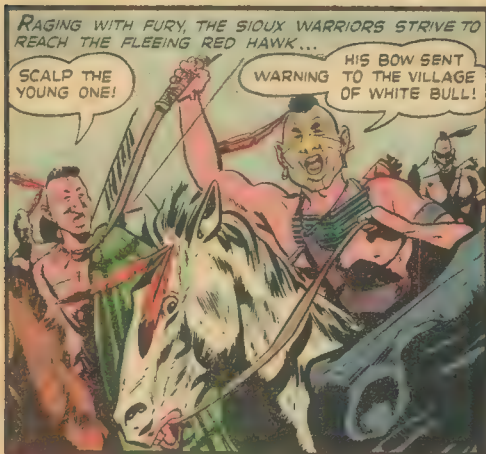
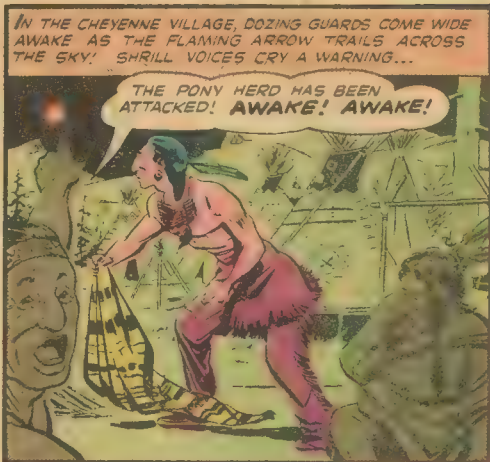
I MUST WARN THE CAMP! THEY ARE RENEGADES — I RECOGNIZE BLACKFACE HIMSELF... THEY IGNORE OUR PEACE TREATY!

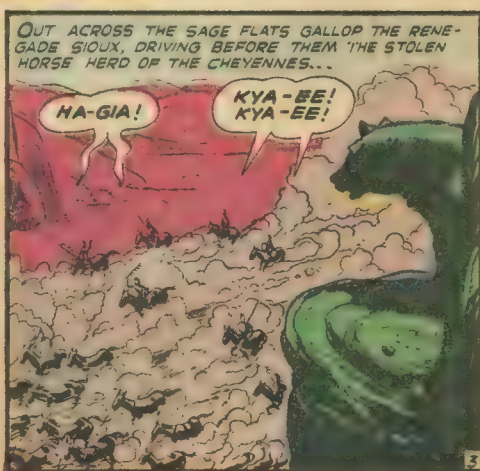
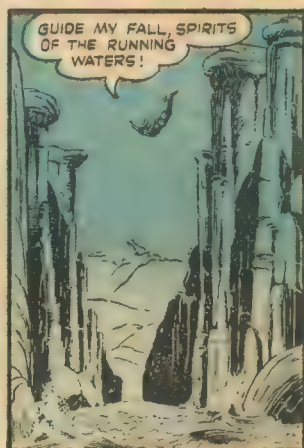
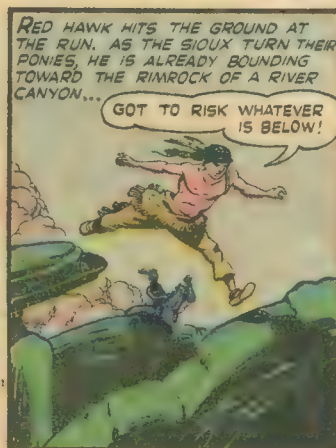
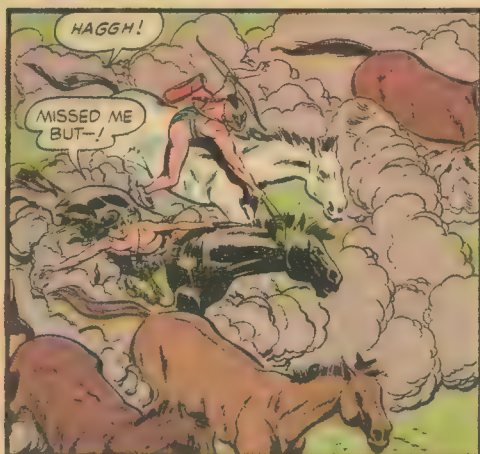
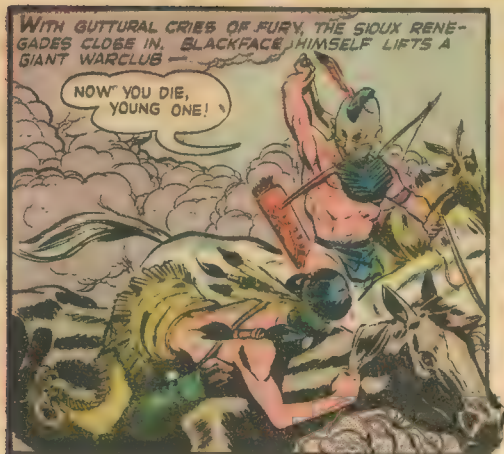


TO AN ARROW SMEARED WITH PITCH AND DABBED WITH CRUDE YELLOW SULPHUR, THE CHEYENNE YOUTH SETS A SPARK —

CATCH FIRE! ZE-BAT! FLAME QUICKLY! AH...!







HALF-DEAD... FROZEN BY THE COLD SPRING WATERS FLOWING FROM THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS INTO THE RIVER... RED HAWK DRAGS HIMSELF ONTO A ROCK...

JUST LUCKY...TO MISS THOSE BOULDERS!
FELL INTO A DEEP POOL...
INSTEAD!



THE PONY HERD—GONE! ALL THE WEALTH OF MY PEOPLE—LOST! HOW CAN OUR WARRIORS RIDE TO HUNT OR FIGHT—WITHOUT PONIES? AND IT WAS MY FAULT! HAD I BEEN MORE ALERT... IT WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED!



PERHAPS I CAN MAKE AMENDS! I WILL TRAIL THE SIOUX ON FOOT. I WILL LEAVE BEHIND ME SIGNS FOR MY PEOPLE—LIKE THIS BROKEN ARROW SHAFT!



AN INDIAN ON FOOT CAN GO WHERE AN INDIAN ON HORSEBACK CANNOT. SOMEWHAT LATER, RED HAWK STARES FROM A HEIGHT OF ROCK ACROSS THE FLAT PRAIRIE. FAR IN THE DISTANCE HE SEES THE DUST CLOUDS OF THE STOLEN PONIES..

TA-GIA! GOOD! NOW I HAVE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THEM!

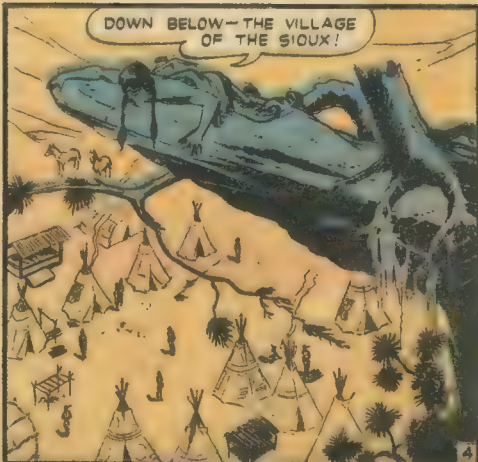


LITTLE THINGS—A RAWHIDE THONG, A BEAD FROM A MOCCASIN, A STRAND OF HIS HAIR—THINGS THAT CAN TELL A STORY TO THE ONCOMING CHEYENNES—DROP FROM YOUNG RED HAWK'S HAND...

MY PEOPLE WILL FIND THESE. OUR HUNTERS AND WARRIORS HAVE SHARP EYES!



DOWN BELOW—THE VILLAGE OF THE SIOUX!



AS RED HAWK CREEPS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE VERY RIM OF THE STONE LEDGE, THE ROOTS OF TWO TREES STRAIN AND CRACK UNDER HIS WEIGHT...



HIS STONE BALCONY SAGS SUDDENLY! ONLY A DESPERATE CLAWING AT THE ROCK ITSELF SAVES YOUNG RED HAWK FROM PLUNGING OVER—!

HAGA KANA! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!



SO! THE STONE LEDGE IS SO PERFECTLY BALANCED THAT EVEN MY WEIGHT ALMOST CAUSED IT TO FALL! HA! IF THE SPIRITS OF THE WILDS ARE WITH ME—PERHAPS THE SIOUX WILL RUE THE DAY THEY STOLE OUR PONIES!

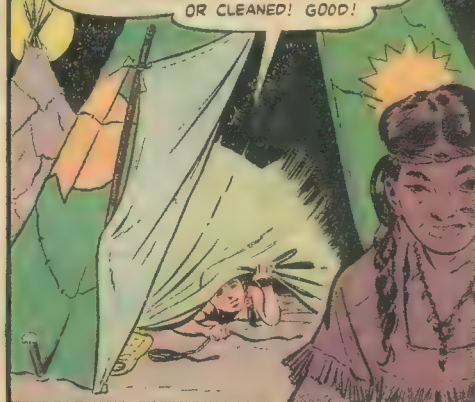


THAT NIGHT, LIKE A DARK SHADOW, THE YOUNG CHEYENNE SLIPS INTO THE VILLAGE OF THE RENEGADE SIOUX...

THEY WILL EAT SOON. THERE WILL BE MUCH NOISE!

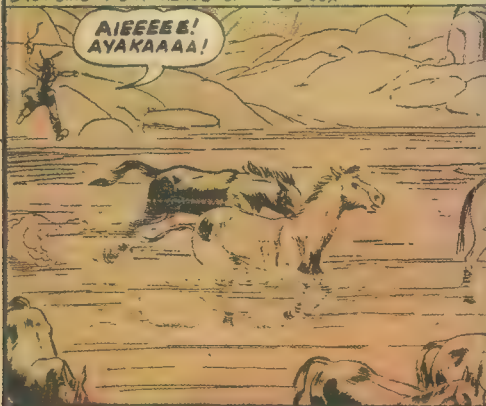


TA-GIA! THIS IS FRESH RAWHIDE—ONLY CUT RECENTLY! NOT YET TANNED OR CLEANED! GOOD!



ALL NIGHT, RED HAWK WORKS ON THE GREEN RAWHIDE. TOWARD DAWN, HE MOVES GHOSTLIKE TOWARD THE BROWSING PONY HERDS OF THE SIOUX—

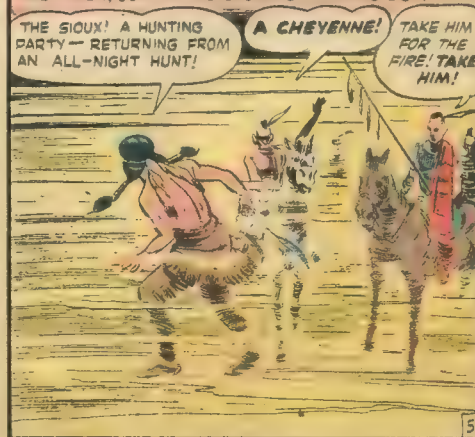
AIEEEE! AYAKAAAA!

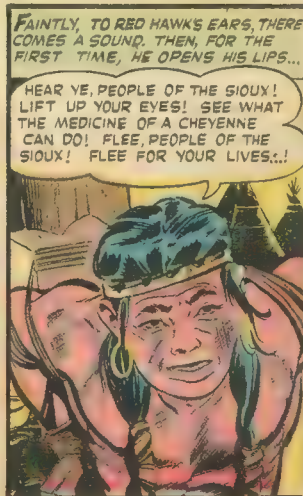
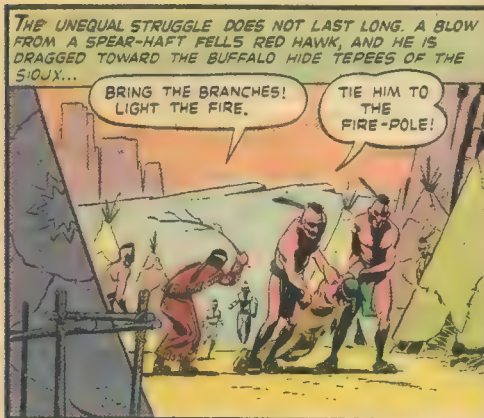
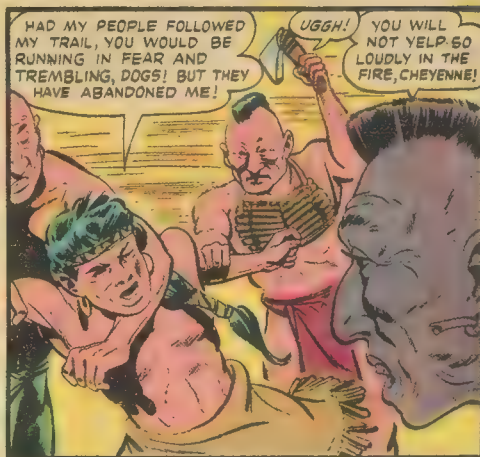


AND THEN, OUT OF THE GROWING MORNING LIGHT—

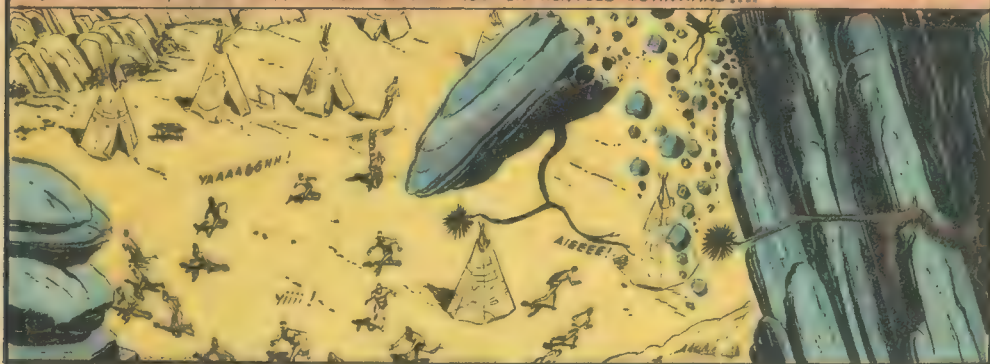
THE SIOUX! A HUNTING PARTY—RETURNING FROM AN ALL-NIGHT HUNT!

A CHEYENNE! TAKE HIM FOR THE FIRE! TAKE HIM!





WITH A SNARLING RUMBLE OF TORTURED STONE, THE VAST ROCK LEDGE OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE OF THE SIOUX, GIVES WAY! — TONS OF DESTRUCTION HURTTLES DOWNWARD...!



AND EVER, ABOVE THE THUNDER OF RUIN THAT DESCENDS FROM THE SKY, THE TAUNTING, MOCKING VOICE OF RED HAWK IS HEARD!

RUN, COWARDLY SIOUX! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! FLEE, DOGS! FLEE, COYOTES!



AND THEN...

THE CHEYENNE!
THE CHEYENNE!



THEIR WEAPONS BURIED UNDER TONS OF ROCK, THE SIOUX RENEGADES CAN ONLY RUN!

PONY
STEALERS!

DOGS OF SIOUX!
WHERE IS RED
HAWK?



YOU LIVE, RED HAWK! WHAT IS THIS TALE OF GREAT MEDICINE OF WHICH THE SIOUX DOGS WHISPER?

NO MAGIC, CHIEF WHITE BULL! I STOLE GREEN RAWHIDE, KNOWING THAT WHEN THE HOT SUN HIT IT, IT WOULD SHRINK. I STRAPPED IT TO THE TREE TRUNKS WHOSE ROOTS HELD UP THE GREAT STONE LEDGE!



WHEN THE RAWHIDE SHRANK, IT WAS LIKE MANY MEN PULLING UP THE TREES! THE ROOTS BROKE, ONE BY ONE! WITHOUT THE ROOTS, THE STONE LEDGE HAD TO FALL — AND FALL IT DID RIGHT ON THE VILLAGE OF THE RENEGADE SIOUX...!



the fire medicine

DEERHORN came out of the buffalo hide tepee into the vanishing mists of the early morning. The bone breastplates on his chest jingled rhythmically as he stared at the rising sun. All around the young Cheyenne warrior, the camp was beginning to stir. Fires under copper kettles were poked into new life. Women hurried past with food. Deerhorn turned and sought out Red Kettle's tepee with his eyes. Red Kettle was his enemy: a dangerous enemy to have, Deerhorn knew, for Red Kettle was the medicine-man of the Cheyennes. Last night, at the feast, Red Kettle had told the camp that Deerhorn would be dead within the next two days!

A bitter smile twisted the warrior's lips. *He fears and hates me, he thought, because I am rich and a good fighter. Red Kettle has a few ponies, but he never fights!* Deerhorn knew that Red Kettle wanted his fleet apaloosa pony, Flame; he knew too, that the medicine-man would go to any lengths to get him. Flame was the fastest horse in all the tribe.

Slowly, with easy grace, Deerhorn moved between the lodges of his people, toward the white-and-black painted tepee of Dog Killer, his chief.

Through the morning mists he came to Dog Killer's lodge. The chief turned at his approach. He was a tall man, lean and hard. Deerhorn had ridden at his shoulder many times in the attacks on the Crows and the Arapahoes. Now, however, there was no delight in Dog Killer's black eyes. He merely grunted at Deerhorn's approach, and turned back to watch the woman pounding corn in the big wooden mortar.

Deerhorn swallowed his pride; said slowly, "I have come about the Crow thieves. For two moons now, they have raided our horse herds. Only two nights ago, they ran off with ten of our fleetest ponies."

Dog Killer shrugged. "You listened to Red Kettle's words last night. No one is to leave the village, until he makes more medicine."

Deerhorn gestured impatiently, growling. "Red Kettle! What knows he of war-parties? His face has never been blackened by war paint! His hands know nothing of the grip of a twanging bow, or the feel of a warclub in his hand!"

Dog Killer grunted. "Red Kettle says you will die in two days. Return to your tepee. Make your prayers to the spirits of the flow-

ing waters to grant you an easy journey into the never-never land."

Deerhorn's lips tightened as a slow, flooding fury shook his big frame visibly. "Red Kettle is a fool!" he shouted.

A voice, almost at his elbow, spoke harshly. "Who is this that speaks such words of Red Kettle, the medicine-man? Ohhh! It is Deerhorn. I will pay your words no attention. You are almost a dead man . . . and, too, you have lost your sacred medicine-bag! Lost the power that the bag gave you. You die, as I have said!"

Deerhorn started. How did Red Kettle know of his lost warbag, in which he kept the living fire? For it was lost. He had lost it at Pawnee Fork, where with three of his fellow Cheyennes, he had stood off an attack by twelve Crow horse thieves. They had driven off the thieves, but somewhere along the Pawnee Fork river, his deerskin medicine bag, ornamented with the white-and-purple porcupine quills, had been lost.

He had received the medicine bag from a Nez Perce, whose life he had saved in the snow-filled ridges of the Bannack Mountains. The Nez Perce Indian who had given him the medicine-bag had whispered to him of its secret, with a little chuckle. Ever since, Deerhorn had let drop sly hints to Red Kettle about the strange medicine that his warbag contained. The beady black eyes of Red Kettle had always lighted greedily and enviously when Deerhorn talked of that bag.

Now Deerhorn had lost his medicine bag. With its loss went his good fortune, both in war and in the chase.

Red Kettle sneered, "When you lost the elkskin bag, you lost your life!"

All that day, Deerhorn brooded angrily. Restlessly, he stalked the camp. Always his bright, dark eyes started out over the vast dun prairies. Inside him, his spirit hungered for the cool breezes on his bronzed cheeks, for the feel of a running horse under him, for the sound of a buffalo-hide war-shield banging against his back. And all these things had been forbidden him by Red Kettle. Idly, he wondered in what form death would come. For he knew, deep down within him, that Red Kettle would find some way to kill him.

For Red Kettle hungered after things, too. But not for the medicine-man was the flash of the warclub in the air. Not for him were the pounding hoofs of a painted and feather-hung war pony. Instead, he wanted money—the money that many ponies in his personal herd meant. Deerhorn had many buffalo-hide shields, many war arrows. He owned a bow of horn. When he rode, his feathered coup-stick made a flash of white-and-scarlet in the sunlight. And of all the Cheyenne herds that

grazed on the rich grass of the river bottom, no, man, excepting only Dog Killer himself, owned so many fleet ponies as Deerhorn. When Deerhorn died, Red Kettle would find a way to make all these things—his own.

Night settled down on the Cheyenne camp. The moon rose high above the tepee lodge-poles, and still Deerhorn walked, restlessly, hungrily, with legs slightly bent, after the manner of the hunting panther.

It was at the fourth hour after moonrise that he saw the blanketed form of an Indian near the thunderbird-decorated tepee of Red Kettle. Clear in the moonlight, for an instant, Deerhorn saw the stiffly erect forelock on his head. Only a Crow wore his hair like that!

With a soft cry on his lips, Deerhorn leaped. His hand came down on the other's shoulder, swung the Crow around. His right hand dropped to his belt, closed on the elk-horn handle of his hunting knife. With a flash of steel, the knife jumped clear of its sheath.

The Crow grunted as he felt the sharp tip of the knife on his throat.

"Crow thief!" whispered Deerhorn. "What want you in the camp of the Cheyennes? We keep no ponies in our lodges!"

The Crow shrugged and was silent. With a growl, Deerhorn whirled him around and shoved him in the direction of Dog Killer's tepee. As the Crow walked, some ornament he carried made a clinking noise. Deerhorn frowned, puzzled.

Dog Killer stepped from his tepee into the moonlight, eyes wide at sight of the blanket-swathed Crow. He sent a swift runner to the tepee of Red Kettle, who came hurrying at this urgent call, wrapped in his blanket.

When Red Kettle was with them, Deerhorn reached out and pulled the blanket from the Crow. As the blanket fell, Deerhorn reached for the small bag hanging at the Crow's hip. It jingled faintly, and Deerhorn laughed.

"Since when does a Crow come stealing with a bag of coins at his side? You did not come to steal! You were not entering Red Kettle's lodge when I saw you. You were leaving!"

Dog Killer looked interested. He growled, "Speak the truth, Crow. If you do, morning may see you in the village of your own people."

The Crow looked once at Red Kettle, and shrugged. "Your medicine-man wanted the medicine-bag of Deerhorn which I found on the battlefield at Pawnee Fork, where Deerhorn and two Cheyennes fought off twelve of my people."

Red Kettle thrust himself forward. He shouted, "You lie in your teeth, dog of a

Crow! I —"

But now Dog Killer stepped forward. His eyes—that had always looked upon the medicine-man with fear and awe—now blazed with anger. He said, "I asked for truth, Red Kettle!"

The Crow grinned mirthlessly. "Red Kettle hates Deerhorn. Deerhorn is a brave warrior, but he is rich. Red Kettle would be rich, too. He was going to plant Deerhorn's medicine bag—under your dead body, chief of the Cheyenne!"

There was a dull silence. Deerhorn laughed harshly. "Then I would be found guilty of the murder of my chief by Red Kettle. He would order me to die . . . and so make his own prophecy come true!"

Red Kettle was livid with rage and fear. He shouted, "Lies! All lies! There is no truth —"

"There is a way to test the truth," said Deerhorn slowly. "If my lost medicine-bag is brought to me, I will show you what I keep within it. I keep fire—living fire! If the gods have not deserted me, the fire is still inside my medicine-bag!"

The chief cried out in amazement. The Crow opened his eyes wide, then smiled. "There is no fire, Deerhorn. I looked in your bag."

"As I did, myself," volunteered Red Kettle, smugly. "I told you, I spoke truth, and the Crow dog lies!"

"Bring the medicine bag," ordered Dog Killer softly. "Let Deerhorn open his own bag. None but he can work his own medicine!"

A warrior brought the bag. Deerhorn caught the drawstrings in his fingers. Held them steadily a moment—then yanked them apart. The bag flew open. A column of living fire leaped upward more than a foot!

Red Kettle gasped. The Crow cried out hoarsely and covered his face with a corner of his blanket. Dog Killer looked long and steadily at Red Kettle. He said, at last, "Make your prayers to your gods, medicine-man. At dawn a warrior with a club will visit you."

And Deerhorn sighed in relief, and thought of the war party he would organize to ride after the Crow horse thieves, and was glad. He was grateful to the Nez Perce, who had shown him the trick of yellow sulphur that the white men used to coat their matches—which would leap into flame at the slightest spark. Attached to the drawstrings was a bit of steel and flint. When the drawstrings were opened in the right way, they struck a spark—and the yellow sulphur flamed!

Deerhorn folded his medicine bag lovingly. On his hunt after the Crows, he would have to mine for more yellow sulphur. It was a wonderful thing to have in one's medicine bag!

STRAIGHT-ARROW "BOW-TIPS"!

"BOW TIPS" FROM STRAIGHT ARROW, ISSUE NO. 1.



ARROW IS HELD LIGHTLY BETWEEN FIRST TWO FINGERS. ARROW RESTS ON THE BOW. BOWSTRING BETWEEN FINGERS.



FIRST 3 FINGERS HOLD STRING



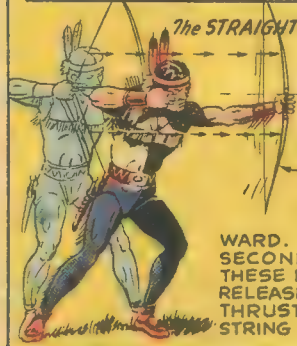
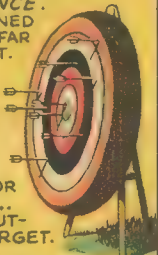
Forearm in line with arrow

The firing position is as shown. Right hand along side of cheek. Left arm is fully extended. The bow is drawn across the chest. Feet well apart.

TARGET DISTANCE:
SKILL IS NOT GAINED BY STANDING TOO FAR FROM THE TARGET.

STAND SO THAT EVEN A FAULTY SHOT WILL HIT THE OUTER EDGES OF THE TARGET.

ALWAYS SHOOT FOR THE BULL'S-EYE... NOT FOR THE OUT-LINE OF THE TARGET.



The STRAIGHT ARROW "PUSH-SHOT" GREATER ACCURACY CAN BE OBTAINED BY "PUSHING" THE ARROW.

ASSUME A SPRINGING-STANCE, AS SHOWN. WITH LEFT ARM PUSH BOW TO EXTENDED POSITION AND, AT THE SAME TIME, THRUST BODY FORWARD. AIM DURING THE TWO SECONDS REQUIRED FOR THESE MOVEMENTS...AND RELEASE ARROW AT END OF THRUST. NOTE THAT THE STRING IS NOT PULLED BACK.

PRO- LONGED AIMING CAUSES SHAKI- NESS



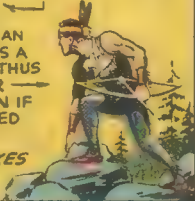
A GOOD ARCHER NEEDS ONLY 2 SECONDS



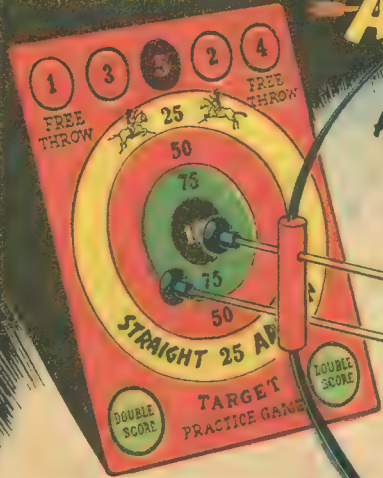
The COCKED BOW PLACE ARROW IN BOW. PULL ARROW PART-WAY BACK. LOCK ARROW TO BOW, USING FORE-FINGER, LIKE THIS.

WHILE HUNTING, AN ARCHER CARRIES A "COCKED BOW" THUS HE IS READY FOR INSTANT ACTION IF GAME IS FLUSHED UNEXPECTEDLY.

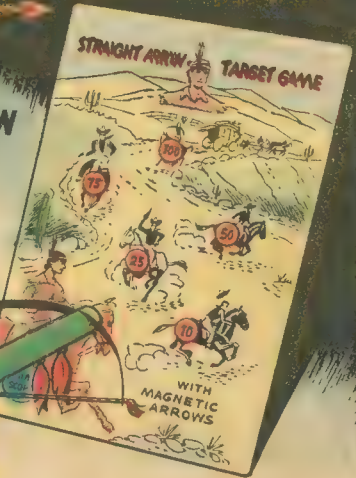
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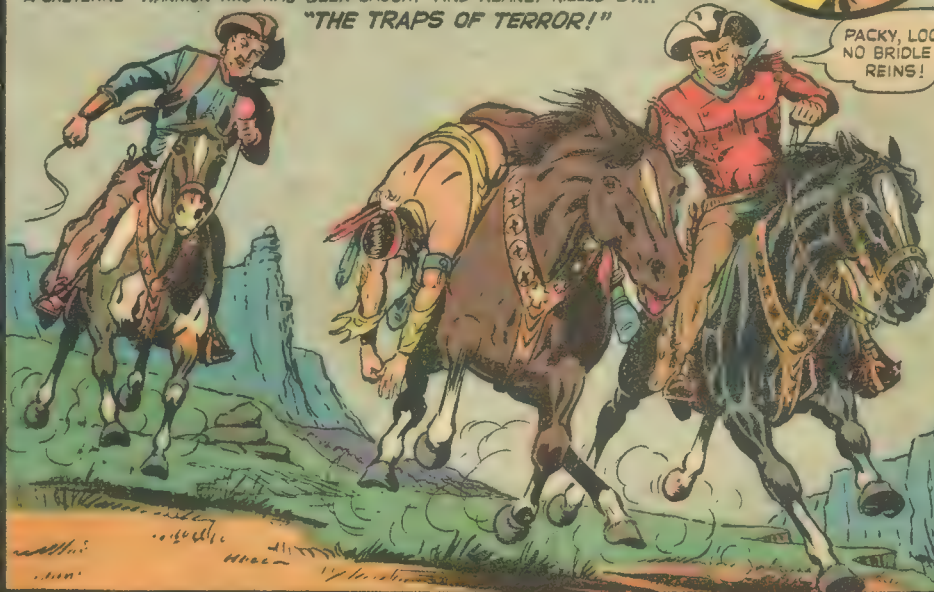
STRAIGHT-ARROW

THE DRUMMING HOOF OF A LOCO-MADDENED MUSTANG THUNDER OVER THE SAGE PLATS NORTH OF THE BROKEN BOW RANCH. FLANKING THE CRAZED STALLION, STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY REACH OUT POWERFUL HANDS TO BRING ITS WILD CAREER TO A HALT— TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A CHEYENNE WARRIOR WHO HAS BEEN CAUGHT AND NEARLY KILLED BY...

"THE TRAPS OF TERROR!"



PACKY, LOOK!
NO BRIDLE OR
REINS!



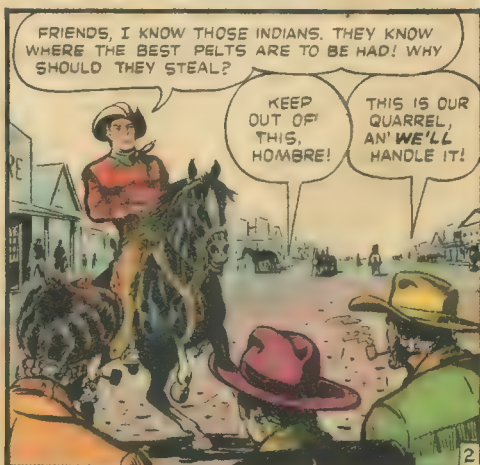
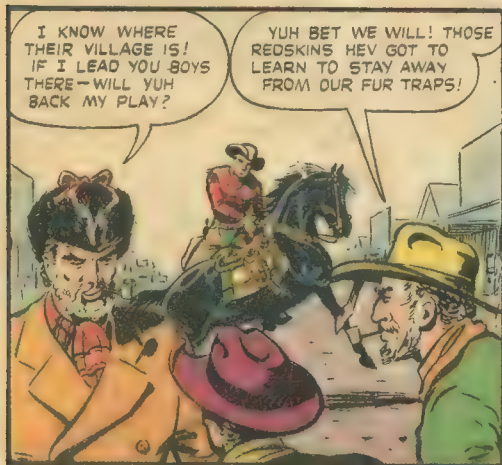
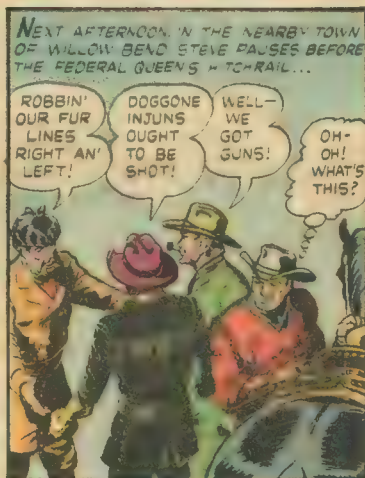
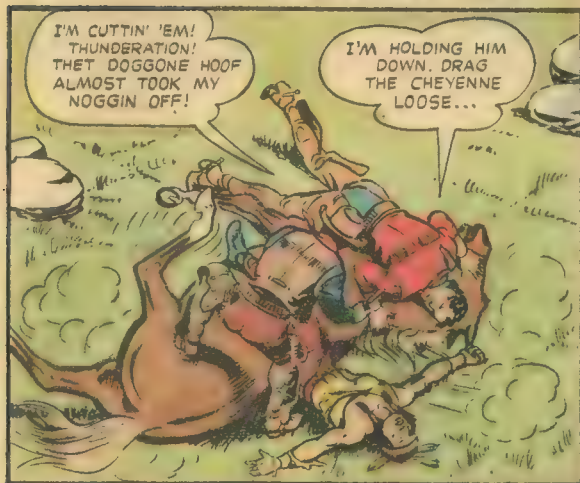
THROWN OFF BALANCE BY THE MIGHTY TACKLE AT FULL GALLOP, THE BRONC CATAPULTS FORWARD, HEELS KICKING HIGH.....



GOT HIM, PACKY!
WATCH THE
REDMAN!

PACKY! CUT
THOSE
RAWHIDE
ROPES...
PRONTO!





SOME WILES OUT OF TOWN...

I DON'T LIKE THIS. IF THOSE TRAPPERS GO THROUGH WITH THEIR CRAZY PLAN, THEY'RE LIKELY TO START AN INDIAN WAR! IF THEY'D MAKE A COMPLAINT TO THE SHERIFF—HUH! HERE COMES PACKY, RIDING HARD!



THET CHEYENNE COME TO FER A SPELL, STEVE! LONG ENOUGH TO TELL HIS STORY!

GO ON, AIAN—SPILL IT!....



AS THEY GALLOP STIRRUP TO STIRRUP, PACKY SAYS: "SEEMS PALOHAYO WAS ON THE TRAP LINES WHEN HE SAW A COUPLE OF WHITE MEN ROBBIN' INJUN TRAPS....!"

WHITE MEN STEAL CHEYENNE FOX FURS!



"HE TRAILED 'EM DEEPER INTO THE TIMBER BELT. THEY WERE JUST GOIN' IN TO SOME HIDIN' PLACE WHEN THEY SPOTTED HIM—"

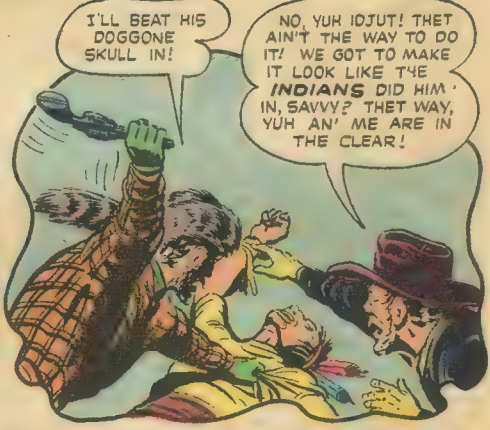
A SNEAKIN' REDSKIN SPY, EH, HIGH-POCKETS?



HE WON'T GIT FAR!

I'LL BEAT HIS DOGGONE SKULL IN!

NO, YUH IDJUT! THET AIN'T THE WAY TO DO IT! WE GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE INDIANS DID HIM IN, SAVVY? THET WAY, YUH AN' ME ARE IN THE CLEAR!



"PALOHAYO WAS HALF DEAD FROM THE BEATIN' AND FROM EXHAUSTION WHEN THEY STRAPPED HIM ON THE BACK OF AN UNBROKE BRONC—"

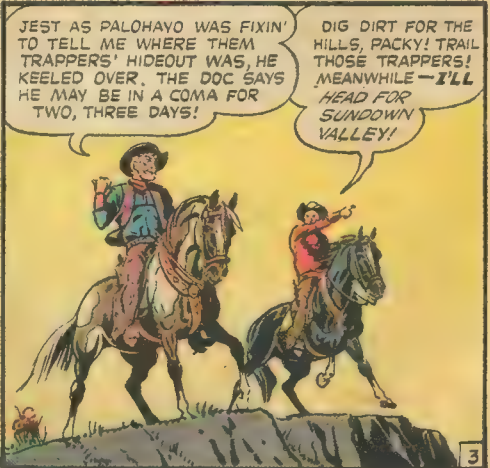
IT'S AN OLD INJUN TRICK, HIGH-POCKETS. WHEN THEY FIND HIM—THEY'LL THINK THE REDSKINS DONE IT!

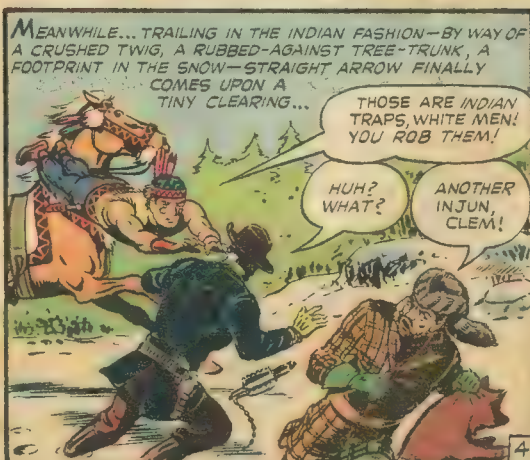
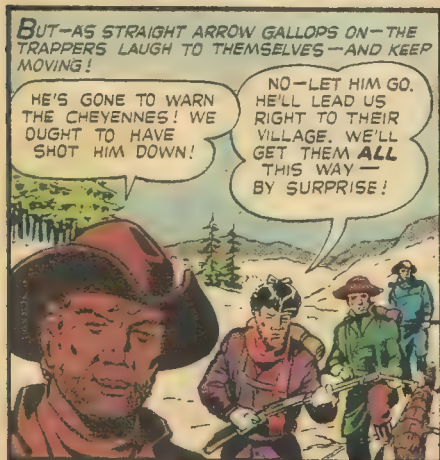
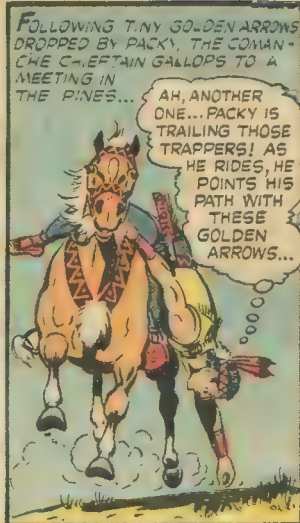
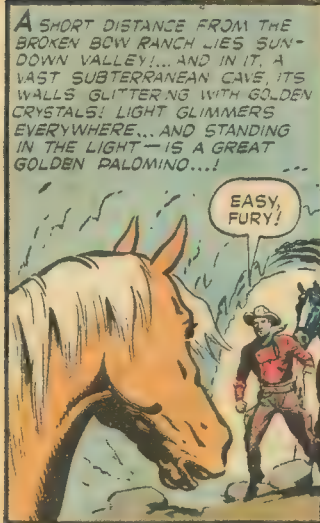
HEH! HEH! HEH!

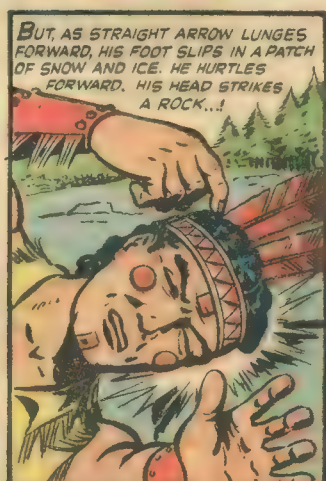
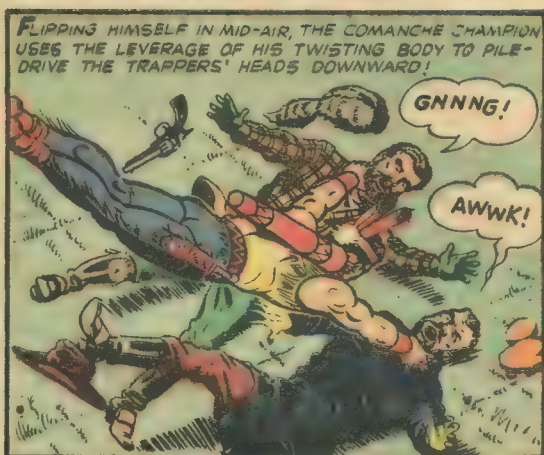


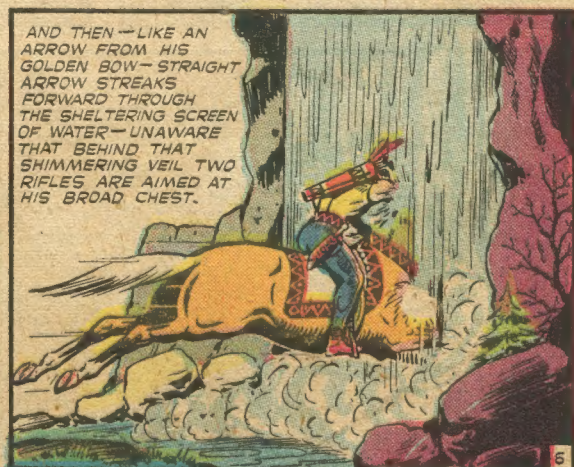
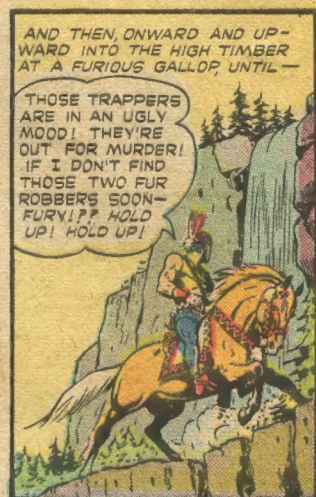
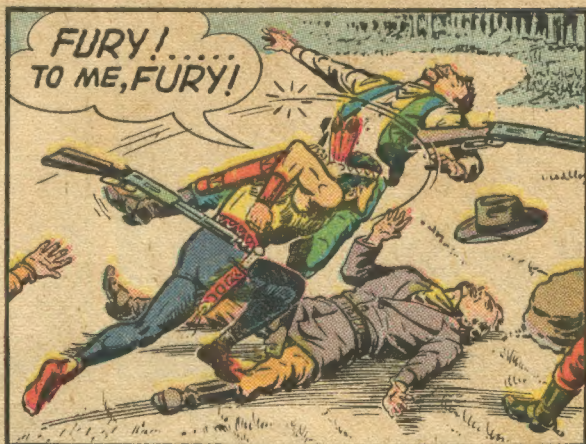
JEST AS PALOHAYO WAS FIXIN' TO TELL ME WHERE THEM TRAPPERS' HIDEOUT WAS, HE KEELED OVER. THE DOC SAYS HE MAY BE IN A COMA FOR TWO, THREE DAYS!

DIG DIRT FOR THE HILLS, PACKY! TRAIL THOSE TRAPPERS! MEANWHILE—I'LL HEAD FOR SUNDOWN VALLEY!



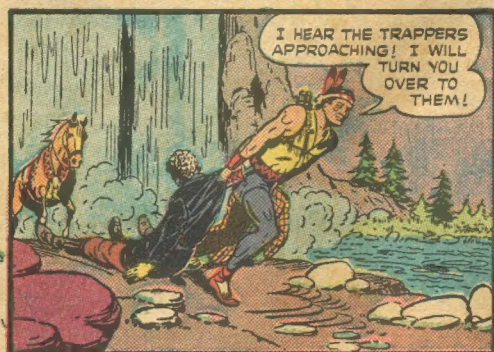
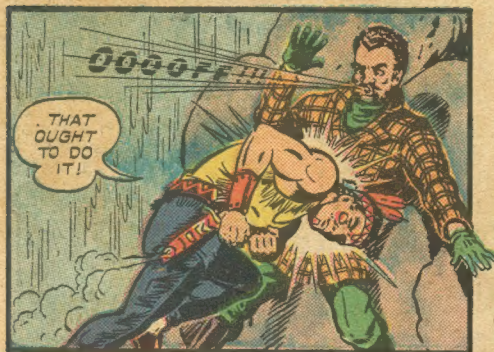
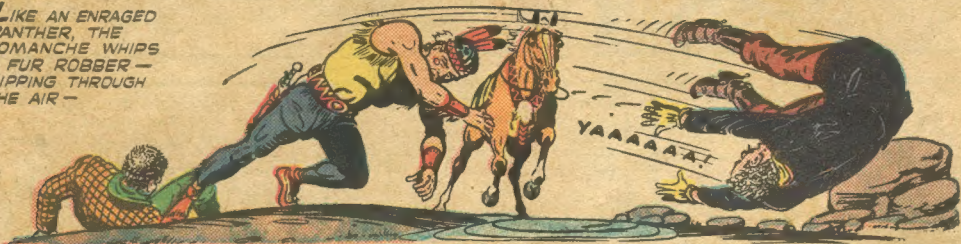








LIKE AN ENRAGED PANTHER, THE COMANCHE WHIPS A FUR ROBBER— RIPPING THROUGH THE AIR—



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 kit, carry it
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